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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 1/LDL J 191 B

"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

AMENDED 11.5.87

'Paradise Towers'

by

Stephen Wyatt

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7E - 'Paradise Towers'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MEL  
THE CHIEF CARETAKER  
DEPUTY CHIEF CARETAKER  
YOUNG CARETAKER  
BIN LINER. Red Kang Leader  
FIRE ESCAPE. Red Kang Leader  
YELLOW KANG. (NON-SPEAKING)  
BLUE KANG  
PEX  
TILDA, a Rezzie  
TABBY, another Rezzie  
CARETAKERS  
KANGS  
CLEANERS

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

The Tardis  
Square  
Street (One)  
Street (Two)  
The Caretakers' Headquarters  
The Rezzies' Apartment and Corridor outside  
Lift (inside and outside)

In later episodes:

The Red Kangs' Headquarters and Approach  
The Swimming Pool  
Basement

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7E

'Paradise Towers'

by

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EPISODE ONE

1. INT. POTASSIUM STREET. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE STREETS OF  
PARADISE TOWERS  
ARE COMPLETELY  
ENCLOSED AND  
LIT BY ARTIFICIAL  
LIGHT.

EACH IS PAINTED  
IN INDIVIDUALISED  
COLOURS (POTASSIUM  
STREET'S BEING  
SILVERY BLUE)  
AND, BETWEEN THE  
NUMBERED FRONT  
DOORS OF THE  
TOWERS' DWELLERS'  
FLATS, ARE  
FUTURISTIC  
STREETLIGHTS,  
NOOKS AND DRINKING  
FOUNTAINS.

UNFORTUNATELY  
EVERYTHING IS  
BROKEN OR IN  
DECAY NOT UNLIKE  
THE CORRIDORS  
OF A DILAPIDATED  
HIGH-RISE.

THE FLOOR IS  
COVERED IN  
JUNK.

THE WALLS ARE  
COVERED IN  
BRIGHT MULTI-  
COLOURED SCRAWLS  
SUGGESTING  
FUTURISTIC  
GRAFFITI.

SOUNDS OF  
CHANTING IN  
THE DISTANCE  
LIKE THOSE OF  
A CHILDREN'S  
GAME.

ROUND A CORNER  
AND DOWN THE  
STREET RUNS A  
TEENAGE GIRL  
OBVIOUSLY TIRED  
AND FRIGHTENED.

SHE IS DRESSED  
ALL IN YELLOW  
AND HER COSTUME  
AND HAIR ARE IN  
A STYLE BEST  
DESCRIBED AS  
KUNG-FU PUNK.

SHE TRIPS AND  
FALLS.

THE CHANTING  
GROWS LOUDER.

THE GIRL HALF  
RAISES HERSELF  
AND LISTENS,  
DRAWING BREATH.  
THEN SHE STARTS  
TO CRAWL WEARILY  
TOWARDS THE  
NEAREST WALL.

THE GIRL IS TOO  
PREOCCUPIED TO  
REGISTER WHAT  
IS SCRAWLED ON  
THE WALL ABOVE HER  
AS THE CHANTING  
INCREASES IN  
VOLUME.

BUT WE MOVE  
CLOSER TO THE  
GRAFFITI AND SEE  
THAT THE ONE  
ABOVE THE GIRL  
SHOWS CARTOON-  
STYLE A GIRL MUCH  
LIKE THIS ONE  
BEING THREATENED  
BY TWO LARGE WHITE  
MECHANICAL CLAWS)

2. INT. THE TARDIS.

(VIDEO PICTURES  
OF A LUXURIOUS  
LOOKING FUTURISTIC  
TOWER-BLOCK.  
(MODEL) ACCOMPANYING  
THIS CHEERFUL  
TRAVELOGUE-STYLE  
MUSIC.

WE CUT BACK TO  
SEE MELANIE AND  
THE DOCTOR WATCHING  
THE VIDEO ON A  
SMALL SCREEN IN THE  
TARDIS.

MEL IS LOVING  
IT BUT THE DOCTOR  
IS VISIBLY BORED.

MEL POINTING  
EXCITEDLY AT THE  
SCREEN:)

MEL: Oh, look, Doctor, look.  
There's the swimming pool. Right  
at the very top of the building.  
It's wonderful. I can't wait to  
have a dip in that.

(SHE STARES  
ENRAPTURED AT  
THE SCREEN)

Mmm. Paradise Towers here we come.

(CLOSE-UP OF  
THE DOCTOR, WHO  
WATCHES HER,  
SHAKING HIS HEAD)

THE DOCTOR: (HALF TO HIMSELF) That's  
the trouble with young people today.  
No spirit of adventure.

3. INT. POTASSIUM STREET. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE GIRL HAS  
TAKEN REFUGE  
IN A DOORWAY.

THE CHANTING  
HAS STOPPED BUT  
A GIRL'S JEERING  
VOICE IS HEARD)

FIRST RED KANG: (VOICE) Yellow  
Kangs are cowardly cutlets! Yellow  
Kangs are cowardly cutlets!

(THE CRY IS  
TAKEN UP AND  
REPEATED BY  
OTHER VOICES.

WE STAY ON THE  
GIRL'S TENSE  
FACE AS THE  
JEERING DIES  
AWAY)

SECOND RED KANG: (VOICE) It's no  
go. Find her another day. Cowardly  
cutlet!

FIRST RED KANG: (VOICE) (LAUGHING)  
Leave her for the Cleaners.

(THE VOICES FADE,  
LAUGHING.

THE GIRL BREATHES  
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

WE SEE AGAIN THE  
GRAFFITI OF THE  
MECHANICAL CLAWS  
ABOVE HER.

THEN FROM THE  
OPPOSITE DIRECTION  
SHE HEARS A FAINT  
MECHANICAL  
WHIRRING LIKE  
A FAULTY VACUUM  
CLEANER.

THE SOUND PUZZLES  
HER.

IT GROWS LOUDER.

WE SEE THE MENACING  
GRAFFITI AGAIN.

THE GIRL TURNS TO  
FACE THE SOUND.  
HER FACE EXPRESSES  
DISBELIEF THEN  
HORROR.

SHE STANDS  
PARALYSED LOOKING  
AT SOMETHING MOVING  
CLOSER AND CLOSER.  
SHE STARTS TO  
SCREAM.

THE MECHANICAL  
SOUND BECOMES  
DEAFENING CUTTING  
OFF HER SCREAMS)



4. INT. THE TARDIS.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
NOW AT THE  
TARDIS'S  
CONTROL PANEL.

MEL IS STILL  
WATCHING THE  
VIDEO WITH THE  
MUSIC BLARING  
FROM IT)

THE DOCTOR: I think that's enough of  
the guide book now, Mel.

MEL: Why? It's great.

THE DOCTOR: Well, of course, if you'd  
rather sit and watch the guide book  
when you could actually be enjoying  
the real thing then that's up to you.

MEL: You mean we're nearly there.

THE DOCTOR: Paradise Towers any-  
second now.

MEL: Fantastic.

THE DOCTOR: You may want to lie by a  
pool and do nothing all day, I intend  
to explore. Paradise Towers is a  
remarkable architectural achievement,  
I'm told. It won all sorts of awards  
back in the 21st Century. Well, are  
you ready.

MEL: Ready? I can't wait.

(ON THE VIDEO:  
THE CLEAN,  
GLEAMING IMAGE  
OF PARADISE  
TOWERS)

MODEL SHOT 1:

Paradise Towers in reality.  
A giant futuristic high  
rise complex gone to  
seed. Filthy, dilapidated,  
overgrown with ivy-like  
vegetation, shattered  
windows, etc.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

5. INT. SQUARE. PARADISE TOWERS.

(A MEDIUM-SIZED  
SQUARE ON ONE  
OF THE FLOORS  
OF PARADISE  
TOWERS.

LARGE GLASS  
WINDOWS LET  
IN DAYLIGHT  
THOUGH THEY ARE  
SMASHED.

A FOUNTAIN IN  
THE CENTRE THAT  
DOESN'T WORK.

FUTURISTIC  
LITTER EVERYWHERE.

CORRIDORS LEADING  
OFF FROM TWO  
SIDES.

THE TARDIS  
MATERIALISES  
AMIDST A HEAP  
OF JUNK)

6. INT. TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR: Well, here we are.

(HE PRESSES  
APPROPRIATE  
PART OF THE  
CONTROL PANEL  
TO OPEN DOOR.

THE DOOR  
OPENS NOISLY.

A PILE OF RUBBISH  
FALLS INTO THE  
TARDIS.

MEL AND THE  
DOCTOR LOOK  
AT THIS IN  
STUNNED SURPRISE  
FOR A MOMENT.

THEN THEY LOOK  
OUT BEYOND THE  
DOOR AND THEIR  
FACES FALL  
EVEN FURTHER)

MEL: Oh no. It can't be.

THE DOCTOR: I think it can.

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7/8/9 INT. SQUARE. PARADISE TOWERS.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND MEL COME  
OUT OF THE  
TARDIS TRIPPING  
OVER RUBBISH.

MEL LOOKS  
APPALLED.

THE DOCTOR  
LOOKS AROUND  
EXCITEDLY)

THE DOCTOR: (STOOPING EXCITEDLY)  
Just look at this. Extraordinary.  
(SEEING SOMETHING ELSE) And this.

MEL: It's just rubbish.

THE DOCTOR: Nothing's just rubbish  
if you have an enquiring mind.

MEL: (SIGHS) No, Doctor ...  
You don't happen to know another  
planet with a swimming pool, do you?

(THE DOCTOR  
STILL PICKING  
OVER THE RUBBISH:)

THE DOCTOR: There's an absolutely  
spectacular heated pool on the planet  
Griophos I believe.

MEL: (ALL READY TO LEAVE) We could  
try there.

- 12 -

- 13/14 -

THE DOCTOR: There's just one snag.

MEL: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: It's for the exclusive use of the Gulmeres.

MEL: Who are they?

THE DOCTOR: A rather nasty breed of flesh-eating octopuses. Personally, I'd rather stay here and explore. I wonder what's happened.

MEL: It's got awful. That's what's happened.

(PAUSE)

MEL: Still, now we're here, I suppose I may as well see what the pool's like.

THE DOCTOR: That's more the spirit, Mel. This could all be fascinating. Are you coming?

MEL: Yes, but one thing -

THE DOCTOR: What?

MEL: If anything goes wrong and we get separated, we'll meet at the pool, alright?

- 13/14 -

THE DOCTOR:

Oh- very well. But we've  
only just arrived. Let's  
not start getting worried yet.

(HE IS CUT OFF SUDDENLY  
AS A COUPLE OF ARROWS  
LOOKING VERY MUCH LIKE  
THEY'RE MADE OUT OF  
TV AERIALS WHIZZ TOWARDS  
THEM AND PIN THEM TO  
THE WALL)



10. INT. POTASSIUM STREET.

(A YOUNGISH MAN IN  
A RATHER TATTERED  
SORT OF COMMISSIONAIRE'S  
UNIFORM IS WALKING  
SLOWLY DOWN A  
CORRIDOR TALKING  
INTO A BATTERED  
BUT FUTURISTIC FORM  
OF WALKY-TALKY)

CARETAKER: Caretaker number 345  
stroke 12 subsection 3 reporting.  
I am proceeding along Potassium Street  
corridor 5673 section 201 opposite  
door 782 on floor 35 north side.  
Over.

(HE LOOK ALONG THE  
WALLS AT THE  
GRAFITTI. THESE  
INCLUDE A SCRAWL  
OF A WHITE MECHANICAL  
CREATURE WITH CLAWS.

HE TUT-TUTS)

VOICE: This is the Chief Caretaker  
speaking. We are receiving you  
Caretaker number 345 stroke 12  
subsection 3. Make your report.

CARETAKER: (INTO WALKY-TALKY)  
Considerable evidence of multi-  
coloured wallscrawl all along this  
part of street. Wallscrawlers  
obviously active here. Over.

VOICE: Report noted. Proceed now  
to report on corridor 5673 section  
301.

CARETAKER: Very good, Chief.

(HE IS MOVING  
ALONG THE CORRIDOR  
WHEN SUDDENLY HIS  
FOOT STRIKES AGAINST  
SOMETHING. HE LOOKS  
DOWN.

HE QUICKLY REACHES  
FOR THE WALKY-TALKY)

Caretaker number 345 stroke 12  
subsection 3 reporting. I, I -

(HE IS TOO  
AGITATED TO CONTINUE)

VOICE: Chief Caretaker speaking.  
We are receiving you. Caretaker number  
345 stroke 12 subsection 3. You are  
to proceed to section 301. What's  
the matter?

CARETAKER: I - I -

(SUDDENLY LETTING  
IT OUT)

I'm scared, Chief.

\*

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11. INT. THE SQUARE

(THE DOCTOR AND MEL  
ARE STILL PINNED TO THE  
WALL BUT NOW SURROUNDED  
BY THE RED KANGS, ONE  
OF THE GANGS THAT ROAM THE  
TOWERS ARMED WITH STRANGE  
METALLIC CROSSBOWS PUT  
TOGETHER FROM BITS OF  
SCRAP METAL. THEY ARE  
DRESSED IN A STYLE SIMILAR  
TO THE KANG WE'VE ALREADY  
SEEN (pg.2), EXCEPT IN RED.

A MENACING SILENCE)

THE DOCTOR: Look, what do you want?

(THE KANGS DO NOT  
REPLY, JUST STARE  
MOCKINGLY)

At least tell us who you are.

FIRST KANG: (AS IF IT'S OBVIOUS)  
We're the kangs.

SECOND: The Red Kangs. Red Kangs  
are best. (TURNING TO THE OTHERS)  
Who's best?

(FIRST KANG AND  
SECOND KANG.  
IT'S OBVIOUSLY  
A RITUAL)

(FIRST KANG:  
(  
(SECOND KANG:  
(  
(SECOND KANG:

(Tog.) ( Red Kangs, Red Kangs,  
Red Kangs are best

(THE OTHER KANGS  
MAKE ENTHUSIASTIC  
SOUNDS. THEY CROWD  
ROUND, CROSSBOWS  
AT THE READY)

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THE DOCTOR AND  
MEL QUAIL)

FIRST KANG: So who's best?

THE DOCTOR: The Red Kangs I gather.

(DESPERATE TO  
CHANGE THE SUBJECT)

But there are other coloured Kangs  
are there?

FIRST KANG: Yeah. The Blue Kangs.  
But they're cowardly cutlets.

SECOND KANG: And the Yellow Kangs.  
But they're only one now.

THE DOCTOR: Why's that?

FIRST KANG: Just is.

THE DOCTOR: . Not got very enquiring  
minds have you?

MEL: Quiet Doctor.

(MEL'S OUTBURST  
ATTRACTS THE KANGS  
ATTENTION)

FIRST KANG: You a Kang?

MEL: No, I'm not a Kang. I'm Mel.  
I don't know what the Kangs are.

SECOND KANG: We're Kangs. Red Kangs.

THE DOCTOR: Who are, of course, the best. (TO MEL) It's obviously some sort of gang. All girls by the look of it. Maybe they'll ask you to join up.

MEL: - I hope not.

FIRST KANG: (CUTTING ACROSS THIS)  
Bin Liner.

THE DOCTOR: Sorry?

FIRST KANG: (POINTING AT HERSELF)  
Bin Liner. (POINTING AT MEL) Mel.  
(POINTING AT HERSELF) Bin Liner.

THE DOCTOR: Ah, now we're getting somewhere. (POINTING AT HIMSELF)  
I am the Doctor.

SECOND KANG: Fire Escape.

THE DOCTOR: Fire Escape. Bin Liner.  
Good names. How do you do.

(HE OFFERS HIS  
HAND TO SHAKE  
THEIRS BUT THEY  
STARE AT IT  
SUSPICIOUSLY.

CROSSBOWS ARE  
RAISED)

I only wanted to be friendly.

BIN LINER: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Friendly.

THE DOCTOR: To say hello.

FIRE ESCAPE: Ah. (TO OTHERS) He  
wants to how you do. Do we?

(MOMENTARY HESITATION  
BEFORE THE OTHER KANGS  
NOD APPROVAL.

MEL AND THE  
DOCTOR ARE UNPINNED  
FROM THE WALL.

FIRE ESCAPE BOWS  
AND DOES A VERSION  
OF PAT-A-CAKE.  
IT IS SOLEMN AND  
SLIGHTLY MENACING SO  
THE DOCTOR AND MEL  
HAVE TO QUICKLY REPRESS  
A DESIRE TO GIGGLE.

THE DOCTOR IMITATES  
FIRE ESCAPE.

THEY BOW.

THEN BIN LINER DOES  
THE SAME.

THE OTHERS BOW  
AS SHE FINISHES)

THE DOCTOR: Don't forget Mel here,  
will you?

(FIRE ESCAPE SHAKES  
HER HEAD)

What's the matter?

FIRE ESCAPE: You we like, Doctor.  
What you wear is high fabshion and  
icehot for an old one.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you very much.  
But clothes aren't everything you  
know.

BIN LINER: No. But Kangs all have  
colours. Blue. Yellow. Red. What  
is Mel's colour.

MEL: I don't have a colour. And I don't want to be a Kang.

FIRE ESCAPE: (FIERCELY) We don't want you to be a Kang. Not a Red Kang.

12. INT. ANOTHER STREET.

(THE CARETAKER IS  
MOVING SWIFTLY  
ALONG STILL TALKING  
INTO HIS NOZZLE,  
OBVIOUSLY STILL  
SCARED.

THE YELLOW KANG  
SCARF IS OVER  
HIS SHOULDER)

CARETAKER: Caretaker number 345 stroke  
12 subsection 3 here. Am proceeding  
down corridor 5673 towards section  
301 on floor 34 north side. Chief -

CHIEF: (V.O.) What is it now?

CARETAKER: Do I have to?

CHIEF: (V.O.) Orders are orders.  
Number one rule of the Caretakers,  
Caretaker number 345 stroke 12  
subsection 3.

CARETAKER: But Chief, something's  
going wrong, I know it's going wrong.  
After that Yellow Wallscrawler. Can't  
I just -

CHIEF: (V.O.) No, Caretaker number  
345 stroke 12 subsection 3, you can't.

CARETAKER: But Chief, listen -

(HIS VOICE FADES  
AWAY.



WE STAY WITH A  
BLUE KANG WHO HAS  
BEEN WATCHING FROM  
A DOORWAY, WHEN THE  
CARETAKER HAS  
CLEARLY GONE,  
THE BLUE KANG STEPS  
FROM THE SHADOWS  
AND RUNS TO A  
BATTERED LOOKING  
AND CLEARLY NON-  
FUNCTIONAL FIRE  
HYDRANT.

SHE FINDS A RECEIVER  
INSIDE AND SPEAKS  
INTO IT)

BLUE KANG: Yellow Kang the last believed  
unalive. Reason not known.

13. INT. STREET.

(LOUD ELECTRICAL  
NOISES FILL THE  
STREET.

WE SEE THE LARGE  
ALL WHITE LEGS  
OF A ROBOT MOVING  
DOWN IT.

THEN WE SEE WHAT  
THE ROBOT IS PULLING.  
A GLEAMING WHITE  
HIGH-TECH VERSION  
OF A DUSTCART.

THE LID IS NOT  
QUITE SHUT AND  
PROTRUDING FROM THE  
CART IS THE NAKED  
FOOT OF THE YELLOW  
KANG)

14. INT. THE SQUARE.

(BIN LINER AND FIRE ESCAPE  
HAVE BEGUN THE 'RED KANGS  
ARE BEST' CHANT. THE  
OTHERS ARE INDICATING THEIR  
THEIR ENTHUSIASM)

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) Look,  
excuse me, but I think now we've been  
introduced some explanations are in  
order. We are visitors to the  
Paradise Towers. Only just arrived.  
You can't expect Mel to understand  
what you're talking about.

BIN LINER: No visitors.

THE DOCTOR: Pardon?

BIN LINER: No visitors. No ball  
games. No flyposts. No visitors.

THE DOCTOR: You mean visitors aren't  
allowed?

BIN LINER: (SHAKING HEAD) No visitors.  
Ever.

FIRE ESCAPE: Since time start.

THE DOCTOR: There's always a first  
time you know. Not everyone you meet  
is going to be a Kang.

FIRE ESCAPE: No. There are old ones.  
And Caretakers. And -

THE DOCTOR: (CURIOUS) And?

BIN LINER: (TO FIRE ESCAPE) Ware  
tongue! (TO DOCTOR) There are no  
others.

THE DOCTOR: (SUSPICIOUS) I see. So  
who are these Caretakers?

BIN LINER: They wipe away our wall  
scrawl. Chase us down carrydoors.  
Catch us if they can.

THE DOCTOR: I see. But young ones  
are Kangs?

FIRE ESCAPE: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Young girls I should say.  
There don't seem to be any boys.

FIRE ESCAPE: Boys? Boys? What are  
boys? Caretakers and Kangs and -

(AGAIN WITH A  
GESTURE BIN  
LINER STOPS  
HER)

That is all.

THE DOCTOR: I see. Well, it's been  
very nice meeting you but perhaps we  
ought to be on our way now. Don't  
you think, Mel?

MEL: Yes, Doctor, not a moment to  
lose.

(THEY START TO  
MOVE BUT THE  
KANGS BLOCK THERE  
PATH AGAIN)

BIN LINER: We heard you talk of the  
pool.

Ep.1

FIRE ESCAPE: The great pool in the sky.

THE DOCTOR: Did you? I expect your ears were playing you tricks.

(THEY TRY TO  
MOVE BUT ARE  
BLOCKED AGAIN.)

BIN LINER: You're coming with us.  
To our Hide-in.

(KANGS WITH  
CROSSBOWS  
PRESS IN ON  
THE DOCTOR AND  
MEL)

THE DOCTOR: I wonder if Blue Kangs behave like this too.

15. INT. STREET.

(FURTHER ALONG,  
THE CARETAKER  
IS STILL TALKING  
INTO HIS WALKY-  
TALKY, THOUGH  
CLEARLY NERVOUS  
AND HESITANT)

CARETAKER: As instructed, am  
proceeding down corridor ...

(SUDDENLY THE  
WALKY-TALKY  
STARTS TO  
MAKE A STRANGE  
BLEEPING SOUND.

A FLICKERING  
LURID LIGHT  
COMES FROM IT)

(TAPPING IT) Chief ... chief ... are  
you receiving me? (MORE DESPERATE)  
Chief ...

(WE HEAR THE  
BY NOW FAMILAR  
ELECTRICAL  
NOISES.

THE CARETAKER  
LOOKS UP THE  
STREET AND  
FREEZES IN HORROR.

WE SEE THE WHITE  
ROBOT FEET AND  
THE DUSTCART BEHIND)

(STARING) No, it can't be ... The  
Chief told us ... (cont...)

(CARETAKER STARTS  
TAPPING FRANTICALLY  
AT HIS WALKY-  
TALKY WHICH IS  
STILL GIVING  
OUT ITS BEEPING  
SOUND.

THE FEET AND THE  
CART GET CLOSER.

SUDDENLY THE  
WALKY-TALKY CLEARS)

CARETAKER: (cont) Chief?

CHIEF: (V.O.) Yes, caretaker  
number 345 stroke 12 subsection 3?

CARETAKER: Oh thank goodness you're  
there, Chief.

(THE FEET GETS  
CLOSER)

CHIEF: (V.O.) Now don't panic,  
caretaker number 345 stroke 12  
subsection 3.

CARETAKER: But Chief ... it's ...  
it's ...

CHIEF: (V.O.) Yes, yes. I know.

(A LARGE WHITE  
MECHANICAL CLAW  
GRABS THE CARETAKER  
BY THE THROAT. HE  
GURGLES HELPLESSLY)

16. INT. SQUARE.

(TWO KANGS ARE  
TIEING THE  
HANDS OF MEL  
AND THE DOCTOR  
BEHIND THEIR  
BACKS)

THE DOCTOR: The art of knot-tying  
hasn't died out here anyway.

MEL: I thought they liked you.

THE DOCTOR: They liked my clothes.  
It's clearly not enough.

(BIN LINER COMES  
UP)

BIN LINER: Are they tied and true?

(THE KANGS NOD)

Ready, Fire Escape?

(SHE TURNS TO  
FIRE ESCAPE WHO  
IS TALKING ON A  
RECEIVER BASED  
IN A BATTERED  
MECHANICAL DRINKS  
DISPENSER)

FIRE ESCAPER: (STILL LISTENING) Red  
Kang Eye-Spy says we can't go through  
usual carrydoor. Blue Kangs out and  
lurking.



BIN LINER: And the Yellows?

FIRE ESCAPE: (LISTENING) No Yellows.  
All unalive now.

BIN LINER: (AWED) All.

FIRE ESCAPE: (PUTTING DOWN RECEIVER)  
All.

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me -

FIRE ESCAPE: What?

THE DOCTOR: Are you saying a whole  
tribe of Kangs has been wiped out -  
er made unalive - just like that?

(FIRE ESCAPE  
NODS)

But why? You didn't kill them did  
you?

FIRE ESCAPE: To make unalive is not  
part of the Kang Game. No ball games.  
No flyposts. No wipeouts.

THE DOCTOR: Then who does it? The  
Blue Kangs? The Caretakers? Who?

FIRE ESCAPE: It takes place.

MEL: And they go to the pool in the  
sky?

BIN LINER: Come on. We've been out  
in the open spaces too long. We must  
go. Ware Blue Kangs. (cont...)

(SHE MAKES A SIGN  
WITH HER HANDS  
LIKE SOME SORT OF  
BLESSING)

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BIN LINER: (cont) Build High for  
Happiness.

(THE OTHER KANGS  
MAKE A RESPONSE.

CLOSE-UP ON  
THE DOCTOR AND  
MEL. STARING AT  
THIS STRANGE  
RITUAL)

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17. INT. CARETAKERS' HEADQUARTERS.

(CLOSE-UP OF A  
CLOSED-CIRCUIT  
TELEVISION  
CAMERA, A  
FUTURISTIC  
VARIATION ON  
THOSE FOUND  
IN DEPARTMENT  
STORES.

BLACK AND WHITE  
IMAGES FLASH  
UP ONTO IT  
SHOWING VARIOUS  
EMPTY STREETS  
AND CORNERS LIKE  
PICTURES IN A  
SLIDE SHOW, CLICKS  
AND ALL.

THEN WE SEE A  
PICTURE OF THE  
DUSTCART MOVING  
ALONG A CORRIDOR.

FROM ITS LID  
NOW APPEARS THE  
CARETAKER'S  
FOOT AND AN  
IDENTIFIABLE  
PART OF HIS UNIFORM)

CHIEF: (STILL UNSEEN) A nice little  
snack coming for you, my beauty. So  
you'll grow up big and strong. That's  
Daddy's little pet.

(A BUZZER ON  
THE DESK MAKES  
A NOISE)

Yes?

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DEPUTY: (V.O.) We've located that group of 'em, Chief. Large as life and twice as nasty.

CHIEF: Excellent. (INTO A SPEAKER) Attention all caretakers. Abandon further work on Master Plan QYT and, as set out in Regulation Book 145, proceed instead into Standard Emergency Plan 908B.

(A VOICE IS  
HEARD FAINTLY.)

HE LISTENS THEN  
SAYS TETCHILY)

Yes, that's right. Seize all Red Wallscrawlers in Fountain of Happiness Square. Now.

- 39 -

18/19. INT. SQUARE.

(THE RED KANGS  
ARE LEADING  
THE DOCTOR AND  
MEL TOWARDS  
ONE OF THE  
EXITS FROM  
THE SQUARE)

THE DOCTOR: Sorry about the pool,  
Mel.

MEL: That's alright.

(SUDDENLY THE  
WAY OUT OF THE  
SQUARE IS BARRED  
BY CARETAKERS  
LEAD BY THE  
DEPUTY CHIEF,  
A PLUMP POMPOUS  
MAN OF FIFTY OR  
SO)

BIN LINER: Caretakers! Run!

(THE RED KANGS  
SWIFTLY SCATTER  
AND DISAPPEAR  
AS THE CARETAKERS  
ADVANCE.

MEL PUSHED BY  
FIRE ESCAPE  
INSTINCTIVELY  
RUNS WITH THEM)

DEPUTY: Right, you Wallscrawlers,  
let's be having you. (cont...)

(BUT BY THE TIME  
HE AND THE OTHERS  
HAVE GOT TO THE  
FOUNTAIN THE  
KANGS ARE ALL GONE.

ONLY THE DOCTOR  
REMAINS, CURIOUS  
TO MEET THESE  
NEWCOMERS)

DEPUTY: (cont) Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: Never mind. Are you the  
Caretakers?

DEPUTY: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: And do you take care?  
Of people that is.

DEPUTY: Maybe.

THE DOCTOR: Then you seem our safest  
bet for the moment. Don't they, Mel?

(HE TURNS AND  
REALISES SHE  
HAS GONE.

HIS EYES SEARCH  
THE SQUARE)

Mel, Mel, where are you?  
I must find Mel.

\*

- 42/43 -

DEPUTY: No, sunshine, you're coming  
with us.

(THE CARETAKERS  
CONDUCT THE DOCTOR  
FROM THE SQUARE.

THE DOCTOR ANXIOUSLY  
TRYING TO LOOK  
BACK)

- 42/43 -

20. INT. STREET.

(RED KANGS RUN  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

MEL FOLLOWS THEM  
AS BEST SHE CAN  
WITH HER HANDS  
TIED BUT CANNOT  
KEEP UP.

SHE STOPS AND  
TURNS)

MEL: Doctor, Doctor -

(THERE IS NO  
SIGN OF HIM  
JUST AN EMPTY  
CORRIDOR.

THE OTHER WAY  
TOO NO ONE IN  
SIGHT.

MEL SLUMPS GLUMLY  
TO THE FLOOR,  
GETTING HER BREATH  
BACK)

That's done it. What now?

(SUDDENLY SHE  
HEARS AN ELDERLY  
FEMALE VOICE  
CALLING:)

VOICE: Cooee!

(MEL LOOKS UP  
PUZZLED)

Cooee! Would you care for a cup  
of tea?



(MEL LOOKS UP  
THE CORRIDOR.

A DOOR HAS OPENED  
AND STANDING IN  
IT IS A TINY  
SWEET-LOOKING  
OLD LADY, DRESSED  
SOMEWHAT BIZARRELY  
BUT APPARENTLY  
VERY FRIENDLY.

SHE WAVES)

FIRST REZZIE: I said, would you  
like a cup of tea? And some cakes.

(MEL DAZED,  
AS SHE GETS  
UP:)

MEL: Yes ... thank you ...

(SHE STARTS TO  
MOVE TOWARDS  
THE OLD LADY.)

21. INT. REZZIES' FLAT.

(A CLUTTERED  
JUMBLE OF A  
ROOM WITH A  
TABLE AND CHAIRS  
IN THE MIDDLE,  
A BUDGIE IN ITS  
CAGE AND, BY  
THE SINK, A  
WASTE DISPOSAL  
CHUTE.

THE TINY REZZIE  
(TILDA) STANDS  
BY THE DOOR.

JUST BEHIND HER  
IS HER CONSIDERABLY  
LARGER BUT STILL  
SWEET-LOOKING  
FRIEND, TABBY)

TABBY: Is she coming, Tilda?

TILDA: Yes.

TABBY: How does she look?

TILDA: Very nice.

TABBY: Is she -

TILDA: Hush, dear, she's nearly  
here.

(GLANCING BACK  
INTO THE ROOM)

Oh my goodness, Tabby, look at  
the table. Quick!

(THE TABLE IS  
COVERED WITH  
SOME WELL-CHEWED  
LARGE BONES.

TABBY RUSHES  
OVER TO THE  
TABLE AND STARTS  
TO GATHER THEM  
UP AND THROW  
THEM DOWN THE  
WASTE DISPOSAL  
CHUTE)

22. INT. STREET OUTSIDE REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL ARRIVES AT  
THE FRONT DOOR.

TILDA IS WAITING  
AT THE DOOR)

MEL: Hello.

TILDA: Hello, dear.

(SOUNDS OF  
CLEARING UP  
AND WASTE DISPOSAL  
ARE PLAINLY  
AUDIBLE WITHIN)

My friend, Tabby, is just tidying  
up. We're both very house-proud,  
you see. Particularly when we  
have guests.

(THE SOUNDS  
STOP)

Yes, I think it's alright to go in  
now. Come on, my dear. I'm Tilda,  
by the way, what's your name?

MEL: Mel.

TILDA: Mel. (RELISHING IT) . Mel. What  
a delicious name.

(THEY ENTER THE  
FLAT.

TILDA CLOSES  
THE DOOR)

23. INT. THE REZZIES' FLAT.

(TABBY STANDS  
BY A CLEARED  
TABLE LOOKING  
WELCOMING)

TILDA: Tabby, this is Mel.

MEL: Hello.

TABBY: Hello, my dear. Come in  
and make yourself comfortable.

(MEL COMES FURTHER  
INTO THE ROOM)

Oh dear, look at your poor hands.  
We can't allow that, can we, Tilda?

TILDA: Certainly not. Sit down,  
my dear, and let Tabby untie you.  
And I'll put the kettle on.

(MEL SITS AND  
TABBY STARTS  
TO UNTIE HER.)

TILDA PUTS ON  
KETTLE)

TABBY: You must have been having a  
horrid time, you poor girl. Who  
did this to you?

MEL: The Kangs. The Red Kangs.

TABBY: Tut, tut, those Kangs are naughty girls. (PAUSE) You're not a Kang, are you?

MEL: No.

TILDA: No, we didn't think you were somehow. They're nasty, untrusting girls who would never take a cup of tea from harmless old folk like us, would they, Tabby?

TABBY: No.

(WE CUT AWAY  
TO THE WASTE  
DISPOSAL CHUTE  
WHICH IS STILL  
MAKING STRANGE  
SOUNDS, LIGHTS  
FLASH AND DIALS  
WHIRL.

MEANWHILE TABBY  
HAS FINISHED  
UNTYING MEL)

There we are.

MEL: Thank you.

TABBY: But Mel's not at all like a Kang. She's a nice polite, clean, well spoken girl. Just the sort we like.

MEL: Excuse me -

TABBY: There you are, Tilda, what did I say, lovely manners. Saying 'excuse me' before she asks a question. (TO MEL) Yes, dear?

MEL: I was going to ask who you were?

(cont...)

MEL: (CONT.) I mean, like  
Kangs are the Kangs and the Caretakers  
are the -

TILDA: Oh, I see. Silly us.  
We're the Rezzies.

MEL: The Rezzies.

TABBY: Well, some of the Rezzies  
anyway. We've quite a few like-  
minded friends here and there in  
the Towers.

MEL: And have you always lived  
here?

TILDA: We've been here for ever  
such a long time if that's what  
you mean. How about you?

MEL: I'm just visiting.

TABBY: A visitor? Well, well.  
It must be a long time since the  
Towers have seen any of those,  
eh, Tilda?

TILDA: It takes you back, doesn't  
it?

MEL: Does it? What was it like  
before?

(TILDA, BRINGING  
OVER A TEA POT  
AND PLATE OF ODD-  
LOOKING CAKES:)

TILDA: Never mind about that just now, Mel dear. Have some tea and cakes.

(SHE PLACES THEM  
ON THE TABLE.

MEL LOOKS AT THEM  
HUNGRILY.

THE REZZIES LOOK  
AT HER)

MEL: Thanks. I'm really hungry.

TABBY: Yes, you're a thin little thing, aren't you? But don't worry, dear, Tilda and I will feed you up.

(THE REZZIES  
WATCH AS MEL  
REACHES FOR THE  
CAKES)



24/25/26. INT. STREET

(THE DOCTOR IS  
BEING FROG-  
MARCHED ALONG  
OFFICIOUSLY  
BY TWO CARETAKERS.  
BUT AT LEAST  
HIS HANDS HAVE  
BEEN UNTIED)

(THE DEPUTY CHIEF  
PRODUCES A BOOK  
OF REGULATIONS  
AND PROCEEDS  
LABORIOUSLY TO  
THUMB THROUGH IT)

THE DOCTOR: Well?

DEPUTY: You're allowed to stop  
for one and a half minutes for  
every three thousand footsteps  
walked.

THE DOCTOR: And that means?

DEPUTY: You can stand still for a while.

THE DOCTOR: Very generous of you.

(LOOKING UP AND  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

It must be a job keeping all these corridors clean and tidy.

DEPUTY: Yes. Especially the wallscrawl.

THE DOCTOR: That's what you call them, isn't it? Wallscrawlers?

DEPUTY: Yes. Dirty little pests. Look.

(HE POINTS TO  
THE WALL.

THE DOCTOR  
EXAMINES THE  
GRAFFITI)

THE DOCTOR: Still, for somebody as inquisitive as myself, such things are not without their interest.

(HE SUDDENLY COMES  
FACE TO FACE WITH  
A GRAFFITI OF A  
WHITE MECHANICAL  
CLAW OR MACHINE  
ATTACKING A KANG)

Time and a half! What's that?

DEPUTY: (SHIFTILY) What's what?

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(VERY FAINTLY THE  
FAMILIAR WHIRRING  
SOUNDS START UP,  
GRADUALLY BUILDING  
IN VOLUME)

THE DOCTOR: That er wallscrawl.  
It looks like a Kang and something  
attacking her. (GOING CLOSER)  
Some sort of machine it looks like,  
doesn't it? With a claw? (LOOKING  
AT ANOTHER PICTURE) Only here it's  
not a claw but some sort of drill.  
And here (ANOTHER PICTURE) it's  
some sort of nozzle to suck things  
up. And -

DEPUTY: (CUTTING IN) The Wall-  
scrawlers make up a lot of silly  
pictures.

THE DOCTOR: Well, I hope that is  
just a silly picture.

(SUDDENLY HE HEARS  
THE WHIRRING SOUND)

What's that?

DEPUTY: I don't hear anything.

- 55/56 -

( THE DISTANT  
SOUNDS GET  
NEARER)

DEPUTY: (RAISING HIS RULE BOOK)  
Look, sunshine, if there were  
anything wrong, there'd be  
instructions about how to deal  
with it in here, wouldn't there?

(AT ONE END OF THE  
CORRIDOR TOTALLY  
VISIBLE FOR THE  
FIRST TIME A  
'CLEANER', LARGE,  
GLEAMING, WHITE.

WITH BLADES  
SWISHING AWAY  
AT ITS SIDES.

LOUD WHIRRING  
SOUND.

THE DOCTOR  
WATCHES FASCINATED)

THE DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Some sort  
of advanced robotic cleaner. With  
oltrimotive bi-curval scraping  
blades. Impressive workmanship  
but nothing to be scared of, I'd  
have thought.

DEPUTY: (TRYING TO GRAB HIM) You  
don't understand -

THE DOCTOR: Not at present. But  
I intend to very soon.

(HE ADVANCES  
TOWARDS THE  
'CLEANER' WHICH  
COMES CLOSER)

Now let's see those oltrimotive  
blades, shall we? (cont ...)

(THE 'CLEANER'  
GETS CLOSER.

THE DOCTOR  
WAITS EXPECTANTLY.

SUDDENLY, UNSEEN  
BY HIM, A LARGE  
CLAW SHOOTS FROM  
THE ROBOT'S HEAD  
AND STARTS TO  
REACH TOWARDS HIM.

AT THE LAST MOMENT  
HE LOOKS UP AND  
SEES IT. HE GASPS.

(THE DOCTOR  
MANAGES TO  
EVADE THE CLAW  
AND THEN RUNS  
FRANTICALLY BACK  
DOWN THE STREET)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (BREATHLESSLY)  
Do you do what I usually do in these  
circumstances?

DEPUTY: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Run.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND THE DEPUTY  
TURN BACK.)

THE 'CLEANER'  
IS GAINING ON  
THEM.

THEY RUN BACK  
TOWARDS IT AND  
DODGE INTO A  
SIDE STREET, A  
SIGN 'TO LIFT'  
HANGING HALF  
OFF THE WALL)

27. INT. THE REZZIES' FLAT.

(THE REZZIES ARE  
NOW IN FULL  
FLOOD)

TILDA: Well, of course, in the old days, it was very different, wasn't it, Tabby?

TABBY: Very different.

MEL: So what happened?

TABBY: My memory isn't what it was. But one thing followed another. And before we knew where we were, we were in the pickle we are today.

TILDA: Everybody has to fend for themselves now, don't they, Tabby? Take what they can find. Have another cake, Mel? Go on.

MEL: (TAKING ANOTHER) Alright then. So you were here from the beginning were you?

TABBY: Yes. From when the Great Architect finished Paradise Towers and all the youngsters and all the oldsters were brought here.



MEL: And the rest? The in-betweens?

TABBY: I don't quite recall. But I think they had something else to do. A war to fight or something. It's all a very long time ago. I sometimes wonder whether we won that war or not.

TILDA: I don't suppose we'll ever know now, Tabby.

TABBY: Probably not, Tilda.

MEL: (EATING AWAY) Do you know anything about a swimming pool?

TILDA: A swimming pool? No, I don't think so. I've never heard of one have you, Tabby?

TABBY: No. Tilda. You'd be far better off staying here with us, dear. Wouldn't she, Tilda?

TILDA: Oh yes, Tabby. She can eat and eat to her heart's content and get nice and plump and healthy. Safe from those nasty Kangs.

MEL: Look, it's very kind of you both but I'm afraid I will have to go once I've finished my tea. It's very important.

TILDA: Nonsense, dear, there's no rush. Have another cake.

TABBY: We'll be very offended if you rush off so quickly.

MEL: (WEAKENING) Well, just a few more minutes maybe.

TILDA: That's it dear. Plenty of time.

TABBY: All the time in the world. Make the most of the peace and quiet.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS  
A LOUD SPLINTERING  
SOUND AS OF A  
DOOR BEING SMASHED  
THROUGH.

THE REZZIES AND  
MEL LOOK UP  
STARTLED.

THERE STANDING  
IN THE DOOR HE  
HAS JUST SMASHED  
THROUGH IS PEX.  
HE IS A RAMBO-STYLE  
FIGURE, GLEAMING  
MUSCLES AND RUGGED  
JAW.

HE CARRIES THE  
INEVITABLE  
MULTI-PURPOSE GUN.

A STUNNED PAUSE)

PEX: (DEEP MACHO TONES) Are these old ladies annoying you?

MEL: (CROSSLY) No.

PEX: Are you annoying these old ladies?

REZZIES: (CROSSLY) No. She isn't.

PEX: (SLIGHTLY CRESTFALLEN) Oh.

TILDA: I do wish you'd stop breaking through our door to try and save us.

TABBY: We've had to repair it three times already. It's not as if we've ever been in any danger.

TILDAY Except from bits of door flying all over the place.

MEL: (TO PEX) Look, who exactly are you?

(WE MOVE IN CLOSE  
TO PEX AS HE  
ANNOUNCES HEROICALLY)

PEX: The name's Pex. I put the world of Paradise Towers to rights.

28. INT. APPROACH TO THE LIFT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
THE CARETAKERS  
ARE RUNNING  
DOWN THE STREET  
TOWARDS THE  
OPEN LIFT.

BEHIND THEM  
COMES THE  
'CLEANER',  
GETTING CLOSER  
ALL THE TIME)

DEPUTY: Quick, into the lift.

THE DOCTOR: I thought none of the  
lifts here worked.

DEPUTY: They don't.

(THEY RUSH INTO  
THE LIFT AS  
THE CLEANER  
APPROACHES)



29/30. INT. INSIDE THE LIFT.

(THE DEPUTY,  
THE CARETAKERS  
AND THE DOCTOR  
ARE INSIDE.

THE 'CLEANER'  
IS COMING  
ALONG THE  
STREET BLADES  
AND CLAW FLAILING.

THE DEPUTY  
PRESSES THE  
BUTTON, NOTHING  
HAPPENS.

HE PUSHES AGAIN,  
THE 'CLEANER'  
GETS NEARER,  
STILL NO SUCCESS)

THE DOCTOR: Here. Let me try.

(HE PUSHES THE  
BUTTON WITH ALL  
HIS MIGHT. AND  
JUST AS THE  
'CLEANER'  
REACHES THE  
LIFT DOOR, THE  
LIFT DOOR  
FINALLY SHUTS)

Where now?

31. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE REZZIES' FLAT.

(MEL COMES OUT.

THE REZZIES  
STAND AT THE  
DOOR AND WAVE  
AS SHE WALKS  
DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

TILDA: Till the next time, dear.

TABBY: We'll be looking out for you.  
(BACK TO PEX) And would you mind  
going now too please.

(PEX PUSHES  
BETWEEN THE  
TWO REZZIES  
AND COMES OUT  
OF THE FLAT.

THE REZZIES  
SHUT WHAT IS  
LEFT OF THE  
DOOR BEHIND  
THEM.

PEX CALLS AFTER  
MEL)

PEX: Just a moment.

MEL: (STOPPING) What is it now?

PEX: You are going on a dangerous  
journey.

MEL: So?

PEX: You need me to protect you.

MEL: I most certainly do not.

(THEIR VOICES  
RECEDE AS THEY  
WALK AWAY)

PEX: But that's my job. I am Pex.  
I put the world of Paradise Towers  
to rights.

MEL: Yes, I know all that. But I  
still don't need you.

PEX: (SLIGHTLY PLAINTIVE) If you  
don't need a protector, you might  
need a guide. Someone who knows their  
way about.

(THEIR VOICES  
FADE AS THEY  
DISAPPEAR  
AROUND A  
CORNER)

32. INT. CARETAKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

(THE CHIEF CARE-  
TAKER IS LOOKING  
AT HIS SCREEN.  
ON IT (IN BLACK  
AND WHITE) WE  
SEE THE DOCTOR  
AND THE CARETAKERS  
EMERGING RATHER  
BREATHLESS FROM  
THE LIFT.

FOR THE FIRST  
TIME THE DOCTOR  
IS FULLY VISIBLE)

CHIEF: I don't believe it ... it's  
not possible ... it can't be ...

(WE FINALLY  
SEE THE CHIEF  
CARETAKER'S  
FACE.

HE'S AN ELDERLY  
LARGE MAN IN A  
FRAYED BUT  
FLAMBOYANT COSTUME  
HALF WAY BETWEEN  
THAT OF A SOUTH  
AMERICAN DICTATOR  
AND A CHIEF  
COMMISSIONAIRE.

PAUSE)

(THOUGHTFUL) It could be.



33. INT. SQUARE.

(IN ONE CORNER  
THE BLUE KANGS  
HAVE BUILT A  
FUNERAL SHRINE  
OF BITS OF METAL  
AND DEBRIS.  
ON TOP IS A  
BANNER OF YELLOW)

BLUE KANG: Hail the Kang. Hail the  
unalive Kang. Yellow of colour but  
still brave and bold as a Kang should  
be.

(THE OTHERS JOIN  
IN, IN VARIOUS  
WAYS.

THE CHANTING IS  
REPEATED.

THE BLUE KANGS  
PLACE THEIR  
CROSSBOWS  
AROUND THE  
SHRINE)

34. INT. CORNER OF SQUARE.

(MEL AND PEX  
ARE APPROACHING  
WHEN MEL HEARS  
THE CHANTING.

PEX IS ABOUT  
TO CARRY ON  
WHEN SHE  
RESTRAINS HIM.

SHE LISTENS  
FOR A MOMENT)

MEL: What's going on?

(PEX DOESN'T  
ANSWER)

Pex, what's happening in the Paradise  
Towers?

(THEY CONTINUE  
TO STARE,  
THE CHANTING  
CONTINUES,  
GROWING IN  
MENACE)

35. INT. THE CARETAKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

(THE ROOM IS  
LIKE A FUTURISTIC  
SECURITY GUARDS'  
ROOM WITH SCREENS  
ROUND THE WALLS.

A DOOR SLIDES  
OPEN AND THE  
CARETAKERS LEAD  
IN THE DOCTOR.

THE CHIEF CARETAKER  
SWIVELS IN HIS  
CHAIR AWAY FROM  
THE SCREEN HE'S  
BEEN WATCHING  
TO FACE HIM.

A PAUSE AS HE  
STUDIES THE  
DOCTOR)

DEPUTY: (STILL PANTING) Chief -

CHIEF: Later, Deputy.

(TURNING TO  
THE DOCTOR)

Greetings.

THE DOCTOR: Greetings.

CHIEF: I am the Chief Caretaker.

THE DOCTOR: And I am -

CHIEF: No, no, there's no need to tell me. I know who you are. We have been waiting for this momentous visit for so many years. You are the man who brought Paradise Towers to life. The visionary who dreamed up its pools and lifts and squares. And now you have come back to your creation. You will make all those dilapidated lifts rise and fall as they have never done before. All signs of wall scrawl will disappear from the corridors of Paradise Towers. The floors will gleam. The fountains will tinkle. The windows will shine. The grass will glow. And all will be made as new.

(THE DOCTOR TRIES  
TO SPEAK BUT  
THE CHIEF CARETAKER  
CUTS HIM OFF)

Fellow caretakers, do you know who this is? This is the Great Architect returned to Paradise Towers. Bid him welcome. All hail the Great Architect! All hail!

CARETAKERS: All hail!

(THE DOCTOR  
IS ROUNDLY  
CHEERED.

THEN A SLIGHT  
PAUSE)

DEPUTY: What do you want us to do now, Chief?

CHIEF: (SAVAGELY) Kill him.

(CLOSE UP OF  
THE DOCTOR'S  
APPALLED FACE)

FADE OUT